

The History of

Fals. I would it were bed-time, *Hall*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou owest God a death.

Fals. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then, can Honour set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgery then? no: what is Honour? a word: what is that word Honour? Aire: a trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis insensible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not live with the living? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore 't is none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and so ends my Catechisme.

Exit.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know; *Sir Richard*, The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone,
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in loving us,
He will suspect us still, and find a time,
To punish this offence in others faults:
Supposition, all our lives, shall be stucke full of eyes.
For reason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who never so tame, so cherisht, and lockt up,
Will have a wilde trick of his ancesters:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily:
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feed like Oxen at stall,
The better cherisht, still the neerer death.
My Nephews trespasse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of priviledge.
A haire-braind *Hotspur* governd by a spleene,
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from us,

We

Henry the Fourth.

We as the spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good Cousin, let not *Harry* know

In any case, the offer of the King.

Enter Hotspur.

Ver. Deliver what you will, 't is le say so. Here comes your Co-

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Hot. My Uncle is return'd,

Deliver up my Lord of *Westmerland*.

Uncle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you battell presently.

Dom. Defie him by the Lord of *Westmerland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and tell him so.

Exit Dowg.

Dom. Mary and shall very willingly.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of your grievances,

Of his oath-breaking: which he mended thus,

By now forswearing that, he is foresworne.

He calls us Rebels, Traytors, and will scourge,

With haughty armes, this hatefull name in us.

Enter Dowg.

Dom. Arme, Gentlemen, to armes, for I have thrown

A brave defiance in King *Henries* teeth;

And *Westmerland* that was engag'd, did beare it,

Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of *Wales* kept forth before the King,

And, Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay upon our heads.

And that no man might draw short breath to day,

But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell me, tell me,

How shewed his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soule, I never in my life

Did heare a Challenge urg'd more modestly,

Unlesse a Brother should a Brother dare

To gentle exercise and prooffe of armes.

He gave you all the duties of a man,

Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue,

Spoke your deservings like a Chronicle,

Making you ever better then his praise,

By still dispraising praise, valued with you:

And which became him like a Prince indeed,

He